

AURELIA.

Beautiful, and spirit-like,
She stands before me now,
An infantine intelligence,
With sweetness on her brow.
Her bright-blue eyes Elysian
Sparkle with some gentle vision
Of earliest human sinlessness,
Such as spirit forms might press,
With a soft and sweet caress,
To their souls of light and love,
In the heaven of heavens above.
Now these flashing orbs are swimming
In a calmy sea of Thought,
With a mystic glory fraught,
Silently but sweetly hymning
Many an anthem mild and holy,
Many a song, divine and lowly—
Hymns and anthems deeply teaching
How immortal is the soul ;
Thoughts, that are intently preaching
Truths, as vast as those that roll
Ceaselessly from pole to pole,
On the meteoric pinions
That spread light through night's dominions.

Here and there golden ringlets shadow
Her fair brow with witching grace,